

Sair sair was my heart ;

To which are added,

The hero's orphant girls.

The lass o' Ballochmyle.

Allister M' Allister.

The Highland Plaid.



EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

SAIR SAIR WAS MY HEART.

Sair sair was my heart, when I parted frae my
Jean, (een,
An' sair sair I sigh'd; while the tears stood in my
For my daddie is but p-or, an' my fortune is sae
sma',

It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on days now gane, an' aae happy's
I hae been,

While waad'ring wi' my dear, whare the primrose
blaws un-seen

I'm wae to leave my Lassie an' Daddie's cot ava,
Or to leave the health-fu' breeze o' Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,
Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever
been, (them a',

Then tho' ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear
Though aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still
be true,

Then blaw ye fav'ring breeze till my native land I
view; (felt tears shall sa',

Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heart
And never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

THE HERO'S ORPHANT GIRLS.

Oh Lady buy these budding flow'rs,
For I am sad and wet and weary,
I gather'd them ere break of day,
When all was lonely still and dreary ;

And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes and food and dwelling
For Valor's wretched Orphan girls,
Poor me and my young Sister Ellen,

Oh buy my flow'rs they're fair and fresh,
As mine and morning tears could keep them,
To morrow's sun will view them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them.

Yet in this sweet but if nurs'd with care,
Soon into fulcass would be swelling ;
And nurtur'd by some gen'rous hand,
So would my little Sister Ellen.

No one has bought of me to day,
And right is now the Town o'er-shading,

And I like these poor drooping flow'rs,
Unnotic'd and unwept am fading.

My soul is struggling to be free,
It loaths its wretched earthly dwelling ;
My limbs refuse to bear their load,
Oh, God protect lone orphan Ellen.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless steps I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely shade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy :
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Go wandring in the lonely wild;
 But woman, nature's darling child,
 There all her charms she does compile,
 Even there are other works are foil'd,
 By the lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain.
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed,
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy with rapture I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain;
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery step,
 Where fame and honours lofty shiae
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward sink the Indian mine;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

O ALLISTER M'Allister,
 Your chanter sets us a'astir
 Then to your bags and blaw wi' bis,
 We'll dance the Highland fling.

Now Allister has tun'd his pipes,
 And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
 The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
 And gather on the green.

O Allister M'Allister! &c.

The miller, Hab was fidging fain,
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,
 He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
 The like was never seen,
 As round about the ring he whu's,
 And cracks his thumb, and shakes his duds
 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
 And blinded a' their een.

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Niest rackle ha ded smiddy Jock,
 A' blacker'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
 Wi' shachalin blear-e'd Bess did yoke—
 That slaverin-gabbit quean.
 Fe shook his doublet in the wund,
 H's feet like hammers strack the grund,

The very moudiwarts were stuan'd,
Nor kend what it could mean.

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate
Come here you he I'll shew the gate
To dance the Highland fling.
The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
And lap as he was gaun to flee,
Kate bak'd and babb'd sae bonnilie
And tript it neat and olean:

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary houghs are wantin rest,
Besides they sair wi' drouth were strast,
Wi' dancing sae I ween.
I true the gantress got a lift
And round the bicker flew like drift,
And Allister that very night
Could scarcely stand his lane,

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad wi' snow,
Where beneath the icy steep,
The ha dy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd wi' my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring,
 Will gar a' our plantings ring ;
 Soon our bonny heather braes,
 Will put on their summer claes :
 On the mountaina's sunny side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
 Busks the glen in leafy bowers,
 Then we'll seek the cauler shed.
 Lean us on the primrose bed ;
 While the burning hours preide,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee ;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
 Lowland lads hae mair o' art,
 S' my boist's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,
 O row thee wi' my Highland Plaid !

Bonnie lad ye've been sae leal,
 My heart would break at our fareweel ;
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Tak me—tak me for your ain !
 'Cross the Frith away they glide,
 Young Donald aad his Lowland bride.

FINIS.

JBM
 Burns
 Exh. 4